



No. 17.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

THREEPENCE.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

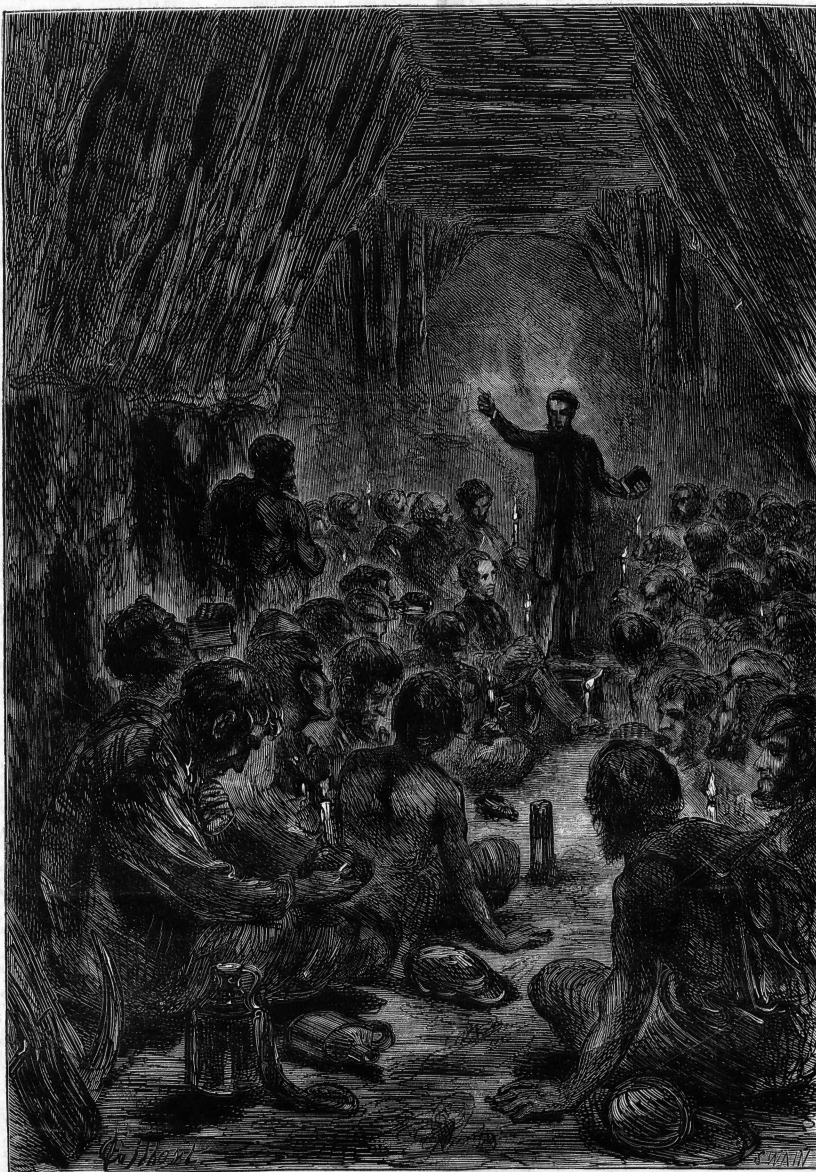
For more than a year the public mind was excited by the case of SARAH JACOBS, "The Welsh Fasting Girl," of Llanfihangel-ar-Arth. Her parents asserted that the child was existing without nourishment of any kind, that she neither ate nor drank, and that this was her normal condition during the above period. Certain medical men whose curiosity was aroused visited the girl, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion respecting her unvarying fast. The case was discussed in the Press, with the same inconclusive result, and at length, some three weeks or more back, a self-constituted committee undertook to watch the girl. Their object was to see whether the girls' parents brought her food. We should not like to allege that the Watch Committee were animated by any other feeling than this. Of course if it were supposed that their object was to prevent the girl from taking meat or drink, their culpability would now be criminal. The Committee who undertook the task of watching the Fasting Girl obtained from Guy's Hospital the services of professional nurses, whose attendance was expressly sanctioned by the medical authorities of that admirable institution, who, it is

needless to say, were aware that it is impossible for a person who takes no nourishment to live more than eight days. The strongest man could not survive longer.

The "watch" began on Thursday, the 9th of December, when two nurses, named

ATTRICK and PALMER, were on duty all night. Strict watch was kept over the girl night and day until Friday last. Eight days and seven nights the nurses from the London Hospital exercised all their vigilance to prevent food being given to the Fasting Girl unseen by them. They kept a diary, and minutely entered all that transpired during their vigil which was to have so sad an ending. It is instructive to glance at these memoranda.

On the 10th of the month, the nurses ATTRICK and PALMER reported to the Sister Nurse of Guy's, that SARAH JACOBS had slept almost uninterruptedly, and "read at intervals during the morning." The next day, says the Sister Nurse, "I assisted nurse to remove the girl from her bed. She did not faint, but allowed me to assist in dressing her. She thanked me, and said I did not hurt her. Left her at seven p.m., reading, looking very cheerful and happy. Two p.m. Nurses tell me she has been cheerful, reading and talking to them. I do not think she is looking so well. Went to sleep at half-past seven." She had a quiet night, slept well, and looked "very



NOONDAY NIGHT SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JONAS. (See next page.)

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A COUGH BY POWELL'S BALAM OF ANISEED.—Her Majesty's Gun Boat, "The Wick," North East Coast of Scotland, 7th September, 1868.—"Sir,—Having had a most distressing and severe cough, which the first doctor I found unavailing relief, and without me to suspend my various duties; and the first small one completely cured me; therefore, I have the greatest confidence in your medicine, and I have the pleasure to recommend it. Yours, W. LINZEE, H.M.G.B. "Netley."—To Mr. POWELL'S BALAM OF ANISEED can be had of Messrs. 16, Blackfriars Road, London. Ask for "POWELL'S BALAM OF ANISEED."

OUR SALMON FISHERIES.

Angling for salmon closed, as our readers are aware, on the first of last month. According to the *Pull Mall Gazette*, the season was on the whole an unpropitious one; more, however, it seems, in consequence of scarcity of water than a scarcity of fish. The general condition of English salmon-rivers is, however, satisfactory. In the Yorkshire rivers there were rather more salmon taken than in 1898, with a decrease in the weight of the fish. The take of fish in the estuary fisheries of Chester Dee was an average one (in 1897 it was valued at £15,000), though in the upper river the angling was very poor. The falling-off is attributed to

the weekly close time, which many think should be lengthened. In the non-tidal portion of the Severn the take of salmon was seriously affected by the dry weather. Out of 490 salmon which were captured between the weir at Tewkesbury and Milford weir, only about fourteen were taken with rod and line, the remainder being caught with drift and bush nets. In the tidal portion of the river the take of salmon was more satisfactory, 11,000 having been captured by the nets and fixed engines. The spawning season of 1898-99 in the Severn was a most favourable one. From both Wye and Usk the reports of the fishing are indifferent. On most of the other rivers the take of fish was smaller than usual. The fisheries are under the control of the Salmon Fishery Commissioners and Salmon Fishery Inspectors. The former have done good service in causing the removal of many fixed engines which seriously retarded the development of the salmon fisheries. The Commission, which was appointed for three years only, has not yet completed its labours. The Inspectors have been in existence since 1861; they visit the rivers, and see that the law is carried out—a system of supervision which has worked admirably.

A TRAIN HURLED DOWN A PRECIPICE.

The past year has been fertile in railway disasters; but none more horrifying has occurred than the accident to a train on Mont Cenis which we illustrate on page 288. On the 2nd inst. a luggage train was crossing Mont Cenis towards seven o'clock in the evening, en route for Lensbourg. A violent tempest raged on the desolate, snow-covered mountain, through which the celebrated tunnel has been cut, and at length prevented the train from proceeding on its way. The driver and guard consulted, but were at a loss to know what to do; and whilst they were deliberating, the train, driven by the force of the tempest, ran backwards, and, after going a considerable distance, quitted the rails, and rushed down the ravine, the engine remaining upon the line. The stoker and night-guard were killed, and the trucks destroyed. The sad event caused much regret in the neighbourhood of Mont Cenis, and shows the necessity of completing without delay a safe and regular communication between France and Italy.

A new form of entomological society, called the Insect Destroying Society, is being started in New Jersey, with a view to the more successful cultivation of apples, pears, peaches, &c. The object is to adopt a plan which will work to clear orchards of injurious insects of every kind.

CHINESE METAL WORK.

This subject, which was recently treated in our columns, has attracted much attention in France, and the metal workers there will doubtless take some leaves out of the Chinese book.

M. A. Riche, the well-known metallurgical chemist of the Paris Mint, has made a series of experiments, on a large scale, on the alloys of the Chinese, and has just communicated the results to the Academy of Sciences. He says that the assays made by several chemists show that the Chinese sonorous metals are composed of tin and copper, in about the proportion of one part of the former to four parts of the latter metal; he therefore produced ingots of bronze,

scales. These alloys cut, when hot, like iron or steel, and present a fine homogeneous grain like the latter metal. They are easily soldered with common jeweller's solder. The density of the metal is but very slightly altered, either by rolling or hammering when hot.

These experiments are valuable, as agreeing with the accounts of the Chinese writers and M. Champion's statements from actual observation. It will be perceived that M. A. Riche does not go into the question of the presence of other metals, such as iron, zinc, lead, nickel, and gold in Chinese bronze, and most probably regards the presence of iron and the trace of nickel in the gray metal as accidental.

The other divisions of this subject, viz., that

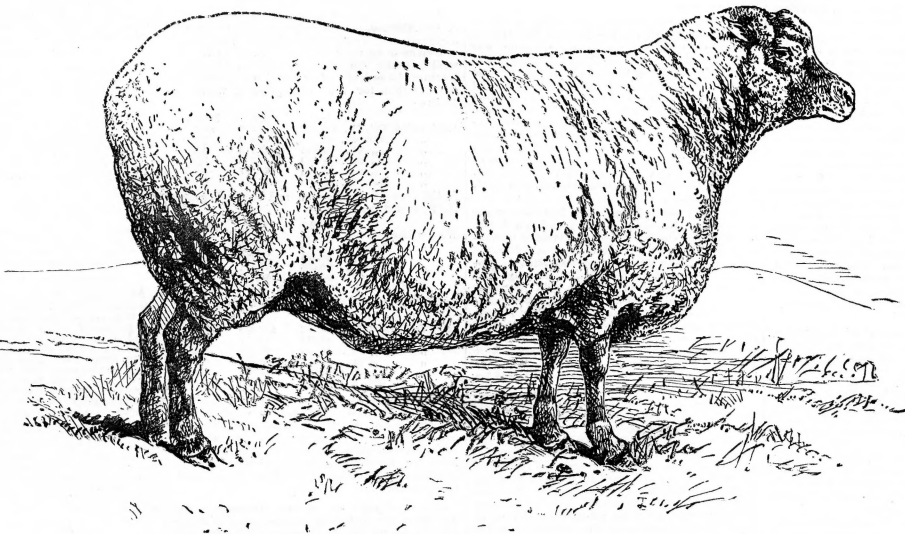
the body of her illustrious husband. The architecture of the tomb is plain to severity. It forms a chapel, and is situated in the principal part of the cemetery, near the tomb of the celebrated poet Alfred de Musset. The ceremony was attended by many of the friends and admirers of the great master, for whose body this final resting-place has been erected.

THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.—In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose 60ft. high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, Elbe, &c., were so hard-frozen as to bear

heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1508, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-3, 1454-5, and 1565-6 were severe. In 1568, the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1683, it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was 11 inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice eight of an inch thick. In 1809, again, in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold.

THE FOREIGN COAL AND IRON TRADES.—An attempt made to secure a further advance in the price of iron in Belgium appears to have resulted thus far in failure. The current price for rolled iron is £3 16s. per ton, but it is understood that this quotation has been maintained with some difficulty of late, and that in a few cases a slight reduction in prices has even been submitted to. There has been no change in Belgium in pig for refining purposes; casting pig has been firm. The price of iron continues to be well-maintained in the Haute Marne; rolled iron from charcoal-made pig has brought £9 to £9 4s. per ton, while rolled iron from mixed pig has realised £8. 12s. to £8. 16s. per ton. The demand for machine iron is still active in the Haute Marne, and some important orders are stated to have been received, deliveries to be made during the first half of 1870. The foundries of the Haute Marne are pretty well employed. There is not much change to report in the Belgian coal trade. The Newcastle Coal Company, which owns the largest metallurgical and mechanical enterprises in France, has been paying this week a dividend of £1 per share in respect of 1868-9.

The Society of Arts is taking active measures to promote the establishment of Science Schools and Colleges. It has just issued a circular, calling the attention of those interested in the matter to the advisability of forming local committees to aid the society in the project.



SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, 1899. FIRST PRIZE SOUTHDOWN. Bred by Lord Walsingham.

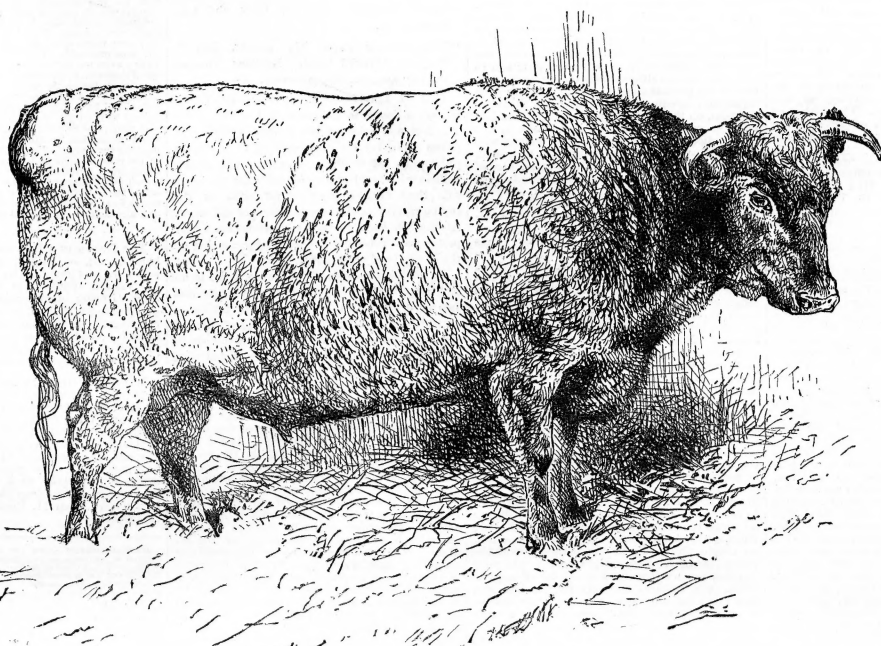
containing respectively 21·5, 20, and 18·5 per cent. of tin, and submitted them to the action of the hammer at various temperatures, from that of the atmosphere to bright red heat. When cold the metal breaks like glass; at 500 degrees to 600 degrees a great change takes place; and at a dull red heat the nature of the metal seems entirely changed, for it behaves like iron or aluminium bronze. The metal spreads without fracture under the heaviest hammers, and is easily reduced from a quarter of an inch to the twentieth of an inch or less. The metal presents the same appearance as that of the Chinese gongs, and is highly sonorous.

The effect of rolling is more remarkable still, as under the hammer the metal cools so rapidly that it has to be constantly reheated, and then the operation is very tedious; while with the mills the bronze may be very rapidly reduced if worked at a dull red heat. When cold, one single rolling is sufficient to reduce the metal to

of bell-metal and of bronzes for ornamental purposes, especially the latter, will no doubt occupy M. Riche's or some other chemist's attention, for our neighbours are not likely to let slip any probable opportunity of improving their present unrivalled artistic bronzes; and if the experiments should be carried on with the skill and ample means existing in the laboratories of the Paris Mint, the metal manufacturers are almost sure to gain some valuable hints.

REMOVAL OF ROSSINI'S REMAINS.

Our illustration on page 288 depicts the translation of the remains of the gifted composer Rossini to their new resting-place in Père-la-Chaise Cemetery, where Madame Rossini has caused to be erected a beautiful tomb to contain



SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, 1899. FIRST PRIZE OX. Bred by the Earl of Aylesford, Packington Hall, Coventry.

REID'S IMPROVED CATTLE TRUCK.

Most of our readers will no doubt remember the comparatively sudden way in which the attention of the general public was aroused, some few weeks back, to the disgraceful manner in which cattle are carried both by ship and rail, and the spirited appeal which Miss Burdett Coutts made to those having the control of the transit arrangements to induce them to exhibit more humanity in the conveyance of live-stock. Following up her precepts by example, Miss Coutts has had some cattle purchased in Edinburgh and sent to London by rail, in one of the improved trucks, of which we give an illustration. The construction of this truck and the advantages it offers will be easily understood. It is designed to hold six beasts, placed abreast, and each lot of three head to head. Between the two lots of beasts, and therefore in the centre of the length of the truck, a partition is placed. This partition is in fact a compound arrangement of hay-rack, water-tank, and trough. The two water-troughs are placed at a convenient height for the cattle, as may be seen through the open door, and the hay-racks above and slightly behind them. The top part of the hay-racks, immediately under the roof of the truck, is allotted to a water-tank for supplying the troughs by means of pipes. The supply is regulated by the two taps shown above the small side doors; and through these small doors the hay is introduced. Above these doors are two apertures in the truck side for examining the cattle without opening the large doors. The whole of the inside of the truck is padded to a proper height, to prevent injury to the cattle, and this padding is also applied to the front of each water trough. To prevent the cattle from slipping, the floor is properly roughened so as to afford good foot-hold.

Such is Mr. Reid's Patent Truck, and we understand that its first cost very little exceeds that of the common trucks. That it is much superior for the cattle no one will deny, though many maintain that beasts will not feed on a journey, and also that the water would become polluted in the trough. These objections are very easily met. First, as regards feeding; we may be assured that cattle will overcome any objection they may have to feeding while travelling long before they suffer any serious injury from hunger, and more is not required. As regards the pollution of the water, we know that the cattle cannot very well pollute troughs placed as high as those shown in the drawing; and further, the supply is kept in the tank till wanted, and only let into the troughs a little at a time, at proper intervals. Whether Mr. Reid's trucks become generally used or not they deserve attention as an attempt, and a very successful one, too, to improve our means of transmitting live-stock by rail, and to prevent some of the needless and cruel sufferings which cattle now undergo. We hope Mr. Reid, or some one with the same aims, may succeed, and save the scandal which at present shocks humanity.

FIVE CHILDREN DROWNED AT SEA.—A sad disaster is reported from Sheerness. It appears that the barge *Rockfort*, Charles Chapman, master, was anchored for the night at Grin Spit. There were on board, besides the master and his sister, five children—Charles, aged thirteen; Charles Albert, aged eight; Alfred, aged ten; Alice, aged five; and James, aged three years. The mother of these children was drowned in August, 1898, and her sister-in-law had since taken charge of them. On Thursday night the gale was blowing with the fury of a hurricane, and the waves dashed over the gunwales of the barge, filling the cabin with water, which rose to such a height as to lengthen to put the fire out. Chapman went forward at great risk to sever out more cable and succeeded in doing so, but this made matters no better. He believed there was no chance of escape for him and his family, but he did not like to say so to his sister and children, to whom his eldest boy was reading prayers in the cabin. He made up his mind to slip the cable and trust to chance, but the water came in so fast that the barge seemed likely to founder. He therefore put out the boat, put his sister and children into it, and pushed off. The boat soon got half full of water, and he expected she would also go down. He and his sister were saved, but the boat was swamped, and all his children were drowned.

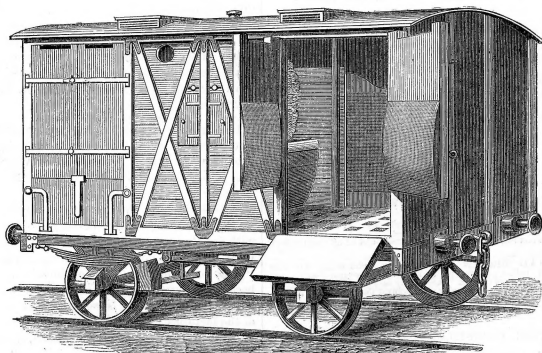
Sheep-worrying by foxes is reported from St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire.

A MIDLAND CHURCH DECORATED.

The Church of St. Mary, Acoek's Green, Birmingham, has been decorated with such excellent taste and skill that we feel sure our readers will be interested in reading an account of the work of ornamentation, which has been performed entirely by the ladies of the district. The manner in which the decorations are executed would form a model for future use in many districts. When you arrive at the porch you see printed over the door in large letters—"O! enter then His gates with praise," to remind you that not only are you entering the house of God, but also

the emblem of the Spirit of God descending upon the water in which the children are about to be baptized; upon the water itself float white lilies, as emblems of their spiritual purity after baptism. The fore part of the body of the door is silvered, and the back gilded, as symbolical of the Church; which, by her sacred eloquence, is sonorous as silver, and is adorned with learning and wisdom that she may impart it to others. The gold is to indicate that she is radiant with charity.

Upon leaving the font you go up the south aisle to the reading-desk, which is panelled in red and white velvet. The central compartment is relieved by a star of yellow everlastings, with a white centre, upon which is laid a small Greek



REID'S IMPROVED CATTLE TRUCK.

cross. The side panels have upon them an Alpha and Omega, and an I.H.S., worked also in velvet; and the panel at the base is adorned with the triangle. These simple ornaments are ranged so as to remind the observer of the beginning and the ending of things; of the Saviour of the world; and of the Trinity. There is about the whole of the designs, as well as the bordering of them, and of the desk, a richness and yet a chasteness which is very agreeable to the eye, and which charms by its simplicity and rivets attention by the admirable manner in which it has been wrought.

The lectern has a red velvet frontlet, upon which is embroidered in white and gold the word "Jesus," to remind the attendants at the church that the reading both of the Old and New Testament Scriptures has its ending in Jesus; and the cloth is fringed with gold to remind them of the true riches, which, alone, are

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The lectern has a red velvet frontlet, upon which is embroidered in white and gold the word "Jesus," to remind the attendants at the church that the reading both of the Old and New Testament Scriptures has its ending in Jesus; and the cloth is fringed with gold to remind them of the true riches, which, alone, are

heart, and to walk before Him in righteousness and truth all the days of their life.

After having lingered for a time viewing the details of this charming piece of work, the eye is attracted by the rosettes, which have been carved as part of the decorations. Over this the lancet windows, even, have, by the diligence of these tasteful decorators, been filled with coloured glass, to complete the *font ensemble* of the east end of the church. The tablet which unite in themselves a present of labour and a present of love, are placed in evergreen Gothic arches, and from the apex of the central one rises the usual evergreen cross; but it is studded with holly berries and covered with frost. It is the ordinary Calvary cross, covered with frost, to remind the faithful Christians that the cross of the Redeemer is as efficacious for their salvation amidst the chilling frosts of Winter as in the warm days of Spring, or the glowing heat of Summer; and it is placed as usual at the east end of the church, to remind them of the coming of the Son of Light. On each side of it hangs a ribbon text of scarlet and wool: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given;" and the concluding words of the Prophet are carried round the church in texts of the same material; so that the spectator is led incessantly, as it were, to retrace the Church, and come, once again, to the spot where he left off. The whole of this work and the rosettes itself are very fine specimens of what, in good hands, can be done by bold and simple work. The boldness of its features is quite as much to be admired as the elegance of the details of the other part of the decorations. The vestry on the one side of the chancel, and the organ on the other, have upon their panels and sides shields of white wool, relieved by simple devices, and surrounded by trailed ivy; and the decorations, as a whole, or as component parts, speak for themselves of the long and laborious days, the energy, skill, and perseverance, as well as the good taste, which have been combined in happy union, to show by external signs the manner in which the people love the house of their God. On going out of the church the eye is again met by words of praise: "Alleluia" over the south door, and "Glory to God in the Highest" over the north door, bid the congregation leave the house of God praising Him who has called them out of darkness into his marvellous light, and has offered them a station in the kingdom of that Son of His love, whose advent into the world they have been duly celebrating.

The announcement is made that a treaty has been concluded by cable with England, reducing the rate of letter postage after New Year's Day to six pence (three pence) per half ounce. Newspaper rates are to remain unchanged.

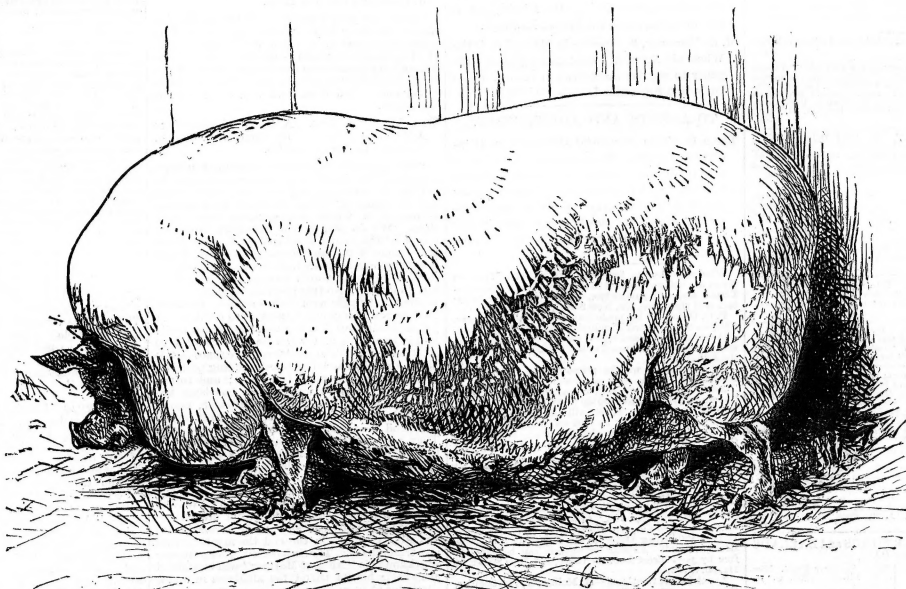
THE REPRESENTATION OF BRIDGEND.—Mr. Henry Whitmore having announced his intention of resigning his seat for this borough, a deputation of the Liberal party has waited on Mr. William Henry Foster, son of Mr. William Orme Foster, of Apley, and that gentleman has been sent to offer himself in the Liberal interest when the vacancy occurs.

INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS UPON WEATHER.—The opinion seems to be gaining strength that the Pacific Railroad is working a great change in the climate of the Plains. Instead of continuous droughts all along the railroad, rain now

falls in refreshing abundance. This result has been remarked upon in other sections of the West. In Central Ohio, for example, it is said the climate has been completely revolutionised since iron rails have formed a network all over that region. Instead of the destructive droughts former years suffered there, for some four or five years there has been ruin in abundance—even more than enough to satisfy all the wants of farmers. This change is attributed to the result of an equilibrium produced in the electrical currents, which has brought about a more uniform dispensation of the rain. It is a fact within the observation of all who remember anti-railroad times that we have now few or no such thunder-storms as we formerly had in New England. The iron rails which touch and cross each other in every direction serve as conductors and equalizers of the electric currents, and so prevent the terrible explosions which used to terrify us in former years. The telegraphic wires which accompany the iron rails everywhere also act an important part in diffusing electricity equally through the atmosphere, thus preventing the occurrence of severe thunder-storms.—*Boston Traveler.*

Australian and Cape diamonds continue to be discovered, according to the reports. It is farther said that coal, lead, and copper have been found near Cape Town.

Lord Kinnaird will, it is said, introduce a Bill next session for the better security of miners. It will have regard to the ventilation of mines, and the means of ingress and egress.

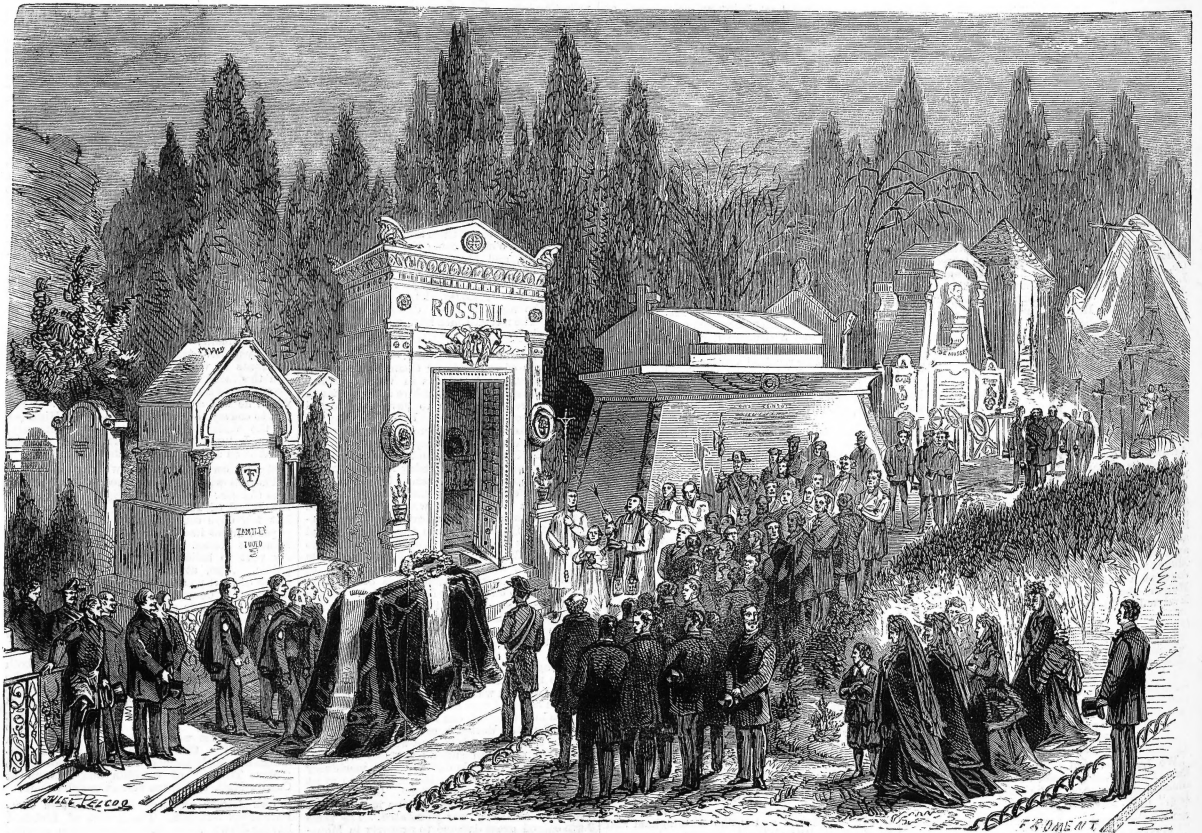


SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, 1890. FIRST PRIZE WHITE BREED PIG. Bred by John Lynn, Church Farm, Stroxtan, Grantham.

central banner is edged with silver leaves; and the others, as well as the ground of the text, with green ones, covered with hoar frost; whilst the text itself is upon a snowy ground to remind the people of the winter season upon which they have entered. The work is very simply and beautifully done, and fills the beholder with calm repose.

The font is decorated with its usual canopy of evergreens, its symbols, and its texts, worked with that care and skill which have always distinguished this part of the decorations. The texts, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," and "Glory to the new-born King," remind one of the use for which the font is designed; whilst under the centre of the canopy floats a dove—

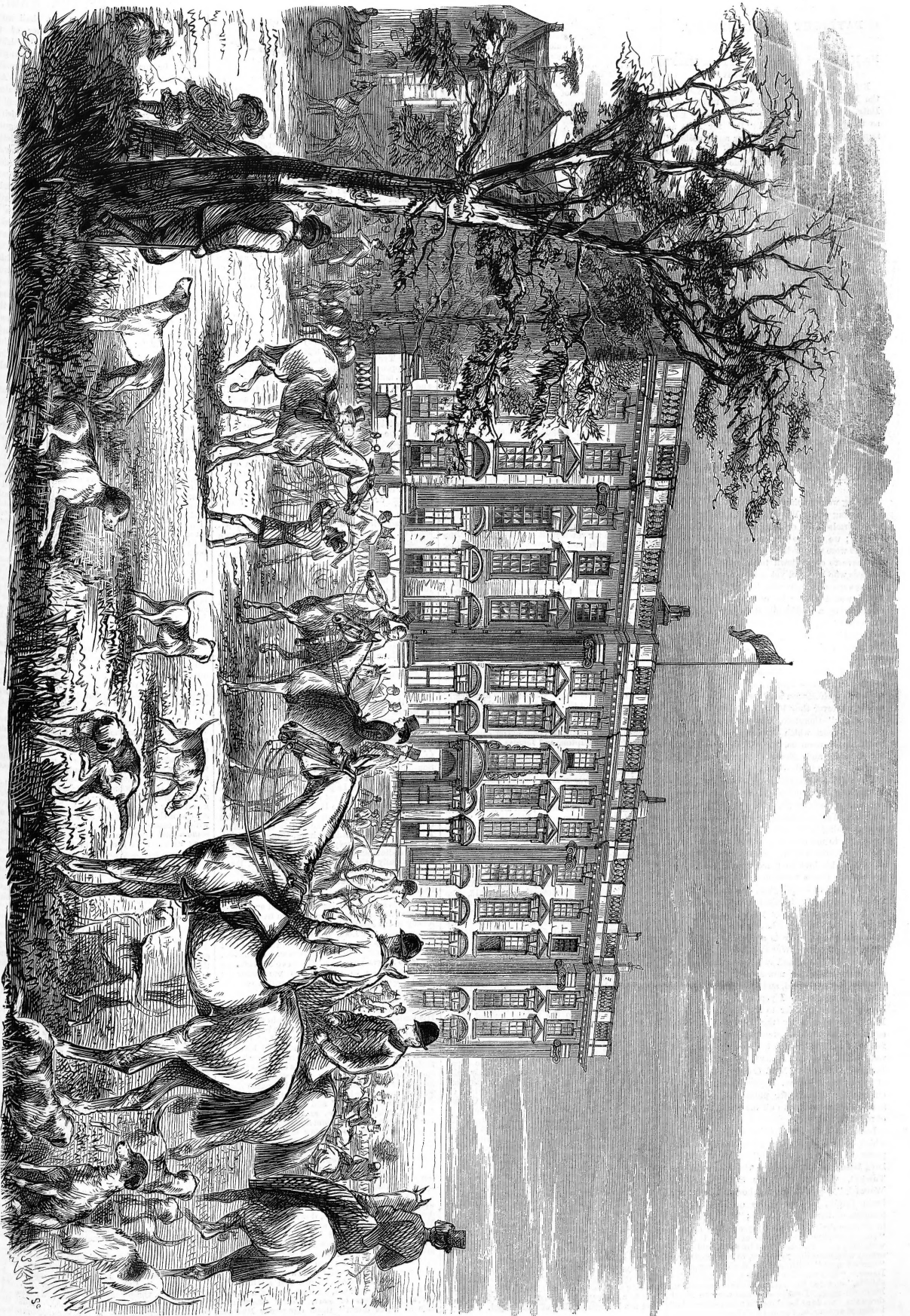
in their pure state, to be found in the Word of God. Next in order comes the pulpit; which, if possible, in its elegant simplicity, speaks more eloquently than the lectern. On the compartments on each side the central one (which is carved) are shields and stars of velvet, bearing upon them monograms wrought in pearl and gold. The work is exquisitely done; and forcibly brings to mind the language of purity and the riches of grace which ought to flow from the lips of him who has to speak unto the people the "words of life." It preaches with an eloquence, mute, but powerful, of the pearls of grace of heaven, and the crowns of gold which await all those who may be influenced by the teaching of God's Word to seek the Lord with all their



RE-INTERMENT OF ROSSINI'S REMAINS AT PERE-LA-CHAISE CEMETERY. (See page 284).



DISASTER TO A LUGGAGE TRAIN ON MONT CENIS. (See page 284).



SKETCHES IN THE MIDLANDS BY DAYLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.—THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON AT STONELICH ABBEY. (See page 280.)

SKETCHES IN THE MIDLANDS

BY
DAYLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.

No. II.—LEAMINGTON; AND "THE FIRST MEET"
AT STONELEIGH ABBEY.

Before beginning this second sketch of life in the Midlands I wish to discharge myself of a Duty, which the printer will please be so good as to spell with a capital "D," for it is an important matter this "capping and quoting." As for example, how would you like to see your own aristocratic patronymic Fitzgimnet spelt with a small "f," or, to put another one, what would you think of the compositor who, arranging the type for the spelling of Christmas, began that grand old word with a "c" of this size? I know what I should be inclined to do under like circumstances: I should stick him through the gizzard with one of Mitchell's select "J" pens, and run the risk of a trial for manslaughter at the next Birmingham Sessions, having perfect faith in the ability of Mr. Godson to get me acquitted and discharged from the odious custody of a tyrant police force. With the strains of the Waits' music in my ears, the glad sound of the bells ushering in the Good Season, and the melody of sundry little choicely ringing through the cold night air, I should be both unthankful and ungrateful, as well as ungracious, if I did not herewith offer to the readers of this Illustrated Paper in general and to those who do me the exceeding great honour of perusing these fragmentary Sketches in particular, my best wishes for their enjoyment of this Christmas-tide. So, dear friends, in the good old-fashioned manner of Englishmen, I wish you A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To-day we are going to be genteel. We shall be sporting also. We will ride in no 'buses, here Birmingham or London ones. Not we, 'f' faith; we will be 'bustists no longer. Those vehicles were very well in their way; for people who have to come down to business—solicitors, medics who have not yet set up their carriage, and newspaper people—the 'bus is a convenience; but I would rather be a shotten herring, a candle-nine, a basket-hilt state juggler, a yeaforsoth knave, or as melancholy as a gib cat, a lugged bear, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.—I would rather be any of these than make my entrance into the town of Leamington in one of those unfashionable vehicles limed last week in these illustrated pages. No; the air is soft with Zolian winds whispering complacently wherever they blow the inspiring word "gentility," therefore, if we cannot afford to defray the cost which the hiring of a carriage would entail upon us, we will even walk from the London and North Western Company's Avenue Station to the Regent Hotel.

The sudden uprising into popularity of Leamington and the kindred towns of Harrogate, Buxton, Scarborough, Rhyl, Aberystwyth, Malvern, Weston-super-Mare, and Cheltenham, to say nothing of Brighton, Hastings, and Weymouth, is, to my thinking, one of the marvels of the age, and one which the observant chronicler should do his best to place upon record. For most of the places mentioned the sea has done everything; but Leamington, like Bath, has been made prosperous by its mineral waters, and all in the brief space of forty years! Its previous history is not very remarkable, though, like all old-world places, there is a fascination in contemplating the little Warwickshire village as it was in ancient days, and comparing it with the splendid town which now attracts visitors from all parts of the world, and from nowhere more than from America. I pen these lines with no county history to refer to for reminiscences of Leamington; and for the few, but perhaps sufficient historical and social memoranda which follow, I am indebted to a small sixteen-page publication, written, I believe, by my friend Mr. Burgess, editor of the local *Courier*, and printed at the press of Messrs. Heywood and Son, the enterprising Manchester publishers, who have issued similar guides to all the principal places of resort in England.

Leamington Spa is situated on the Leam, to which an old writer has given the distinctive prefix "high complexioned," and it is said to have been included amongst the estates of one Turcill, "the last of the Saxon Earls of Warwick." [I declare my bosom swells, my brain throbs, and my pulse quickens at the mention of these old "braves;" and have an inordinate desire to attire myself in a suit of "ringed armour"—in tunic of quilted cloth, with steel rings fastened side by side; and to be armed with a flexible yew bow, to send forth the "barbed reed," with serious designs upon the Danes. "Red were the borders of our moon-like shields," chanted the warrior-patriot Lodbrok in his death-song. I suppose if one were to stroll down the Parade at Leamington now-a-days, clad in armed and armed with bow and arrow, he would be hailed before the Justices, and, despite our boasted liberty of the subject, fined

five shillings and costs, with the usual alternative of spending seven days in prison as a vagrant. *O tempora, O mores!* The Crown had seized upon Leamington after several failed attempts to get it in possession, when Henry the Eighth, of Protestant memory, dissolved the monasteries, and sent abbots and monks about their business. Those were hard times for the monks and their friends; and desolation came upon them and their belongings. The Defender of the Faith smote them hip and thigh. He who had written a defence of the Seven Sacraments of the Church of Rome, albeit he had previously burnt the Papal bull which excommunicated him, and for whom Wolsey was instrumental in raising "the Benevolence," suppressed some of the smaller monasteries, not forgetting to despoil Leamington "Priory," which had been bestowed upon the good fathers of Kenilworth. Queen Elizabeth gave it to Ambrose Dudley, the "good" Earl of Warwick; after whose death, fearless, it again fell into the hands of the Duke of Northumberland, who presented it to Fulke Greville in the year 1605. As an appendage to Kenilworth Priory, it was remarkable even at that time for the virtues of a saline spring; but there were no features to Leamington as we know it now—no abbey, nor square, nor knight of the shire thought of "drinking the waters" as long as there was Malmsey or Rhens in the Priory cellar. A draught of claret or malvoia was much more to their reverence than salt water, of which they could have plenty and to spare, if they were out of sorts from extra dissipation at Easter or Christmas, by journeying on some super-footed, easy-going pulley or ruy. To Woodpepper Priory, which still stands on the Somersetshire coast, a landmark of the "good days of old." Those Leamington villagers actually thought so little of the efficacy of the waters, that they used to be cutting bacon. Children of nature, they were independent of such aids to health as saline springs. But "the waters" were to see a great change in after-times. Camden writes in his *Britannia*, in 1586, of the Leamington spring "boiling" up; Speed, another chronicler of old, also mentions the circumstance; Dugdale, the author of the invaluable "Monasticon," &c., refers to the spring as being situated in the town of Leamington, whereas it lies to the west. Then comes old Fuller, who reports concerning "two twin springs, as different in taste and operation as Jacob and Esau in disposition one salt, the other fresh." A small volume, entitled "Sea Water and Salt Springs," published by a well-known Brighton doctor, named Russell, in 1765, had the effect of attracting strangers to Leamington for the benefit of "the waters," of which which had, however, been tested before that year. One Benjamin Satchwell appears, according to the more recent chroniclers, to have "discovered" the spring in 1784. The name of Thomas Abbott, who kept the Dog Inn, Satchwell appears to have been a "character," for he is described as "being a poet as well as the shoemaker and postmaster," and when he was not mending the villagers' boots, he was spending his leisure hours in writing up the Leamington Spring, and making it known far and near. Some of Satchwell's articles were printed in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper—of which the *Frederick*, in 1804, and, later, the training school for Lord Campbell, Charles Dickens, and a host of other celebrities, the "Sketches by Box," indeed, first appearing, as many who read this will know, in the pages of the *Illustrated*, the long-defunct pioneer of cheap and good journalism. The medical men soon took up the cudgels on behalf of Leamington Spa. Drs. Kerr, of Northampton, and Lambie, of Warwick, were amongst the first to support the claims of the mineral waters; and from that time the fortunes of the little village date. It was said that the spring was a sure and certain cure for hydrophobia; though mad dogs were not, let me say, as numerous then as they are now in the Midlands—at least at Derby, and Loughborough, and Leicester. I can quite believe that "from this epoch Leamington became famous." Early in the present century a new spring was discovered, that one on the site of the Victoria Colonnade Rooms. That was in 1804. It was left to the greatest romancer of modern times to give a fillip to the neighbourhood which he may always enjoy. When Sir Walter Scott published "Kenilworth," in 1818, the attention of all reading Britain was drawn towards the grand old castle, of whose picturesque ruins I shall have something to say a few pages hence, and of which all England is proud. With one exception (Middlesbrough) I know of no place that has increased and thriven so wonderfully as Leamington. In 1811 there were only 543 people and some sixty houses; in 1851 there were 2,732 houses; and in 1881, Leamington, with its suburban parishes of Milverton and Lillington, had 19,277 inhabitants, with a proportionate increase of dwellings! There are four springs open to the public, instead of, as formerly, twelve, all of which are of the same efficacy; and you may, if you are so disposed, drink of the charmed waters of Leamington for the very moderate outlay of one shilling per week. The buildings, noble houses, wide clean streets, and a neighbourhood singularly picturesque, are the characteristics of Leamington, and you may be always sure of good society. Of the latter, which include the Regent, the Clarence, Crown, Bath, Albion, and Guernsey, the first is the largest. Palatial in appearance, Mr. Bishop's hotel cost £80,000 to erect, and it is fitted with every luxurious appliance that the modern hotel-keeper loves to gaze upon. But, besides the best-known hotels, there are many other houses of entertainment, all I understand, comfortable places of resort. You may be sure that the summer season is a time of amusement for the town in the season, which, as far as the drinking of the water goes, is from May to October, with a winter season as well. Balls are given at the Royal Assembly Rooms, and the winter entertainers of all descriptions frequently visit the town, and there are no gardens more charming than the "Jephson" grounds. If your proclivities are sporting, there are many and good packs of hounds in the neighbourhood, and on summer and autumn evenings you will find on the Parade a promenade almost equal to the Boulevard des Italiens or that of Sebastopol.

It is Ten o'clock p.m., and we must hurry away from the circus, so well conducted by Messrs.

Gimmet, whose clowns and equestriennes and North American Indians the writer remembers to have seen in a little country town when round upon Leamington after several failed attempts to get Valpy's Latin Delectus was a volume to be derided and cried down as a book which should have been placed upon the always-increasing Index; I say we must hurry away from the Regent, and enter a carriage and a carriage of whatever spirit of the moment—I think there is nothing like "mountain dew," though you don't get the real article out of Ireland—we had better seek the quietness of the "dustman." We must rise before the morning, for with the next turn of the hour-glass I have a rare sight to show you. I hope you have brought in your travelling trunk top boots, cords of the orthodox whites, and a coat of the order "Newmarket" or Melton, I care not which. I trust, also, that you have ordered the groom to bring down your best horse this morning for mail; or that, in default of such command, having been given your credit, is good at the livery-stable-keeper's; for, by Nimrod! there is work before us. We are going to be present at the first meet of the season of the North Warwickshire Hounds at Stoneleigh Abbey, so I would have you look as smart and be as well mounted as may be. If you are not altogether destitute of perception, friend of my heart, you will have much to say to my references to hunting, and were directed solely to your noble self, and that it is entirely in your interest that I have made these observations. For myself, I don't care about the hunting, and I am sure that it was the greatest fun in the world to gallop a long-tailed, long-coated pony through the glades of the forest in which Rufus was impaled by Sir Walter Tyndal's treacherous arrow (*entre nous*, I am quite sure of his conduct for hunting a Brute, and made everybody out after their lights and fires, and go to bed at Curfew, the tyrant!); but now I am out of practice, and would as soon shoot a hawk as hunt a hare. I have not met the first day of the season on a steady-going cob that any right reverend occupant of the episcopal bench might mount to risk to his neck, and that even Monsieure Manning or Pius IX. himself might safely "cross."

I wonder if any of the goodly company assembled at Stoneleigh this fine morning give a thought to the historic memories with which the place is over-run? There is material for half-a-dozen of the best stories in its history. Stoneleigh Abbey belonged originally to some Cistercian monks, who founded it in 1154, and whose joustings at festival-times you can imagine to have been a most interesting sight. Some of the religious houses came about, the Abbey, the annual revenue of which at the time of the survey was £121 3s. 1d., was given by the King to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in 1501. In the reign of Edward VI. Thomas Leigh, an alderman and I believe a Lord Mayor of the city of London. Sir Thomas built a new mansion on the site of the Abbey, some of the old buildings being adapted to modern requirements. They were very comfortable, the Leighs, never deserting their Royal master in the time of his need, and withstanding all inducements to surrender him to the Parliament of the Sixth of November. Charles, the unhappy of monarchs, was lodged by Sir Thomas Leigh at Stoneleigh, and remained with his generous subject until after the Battle of Southham. In return, the King created Sir Thomas Leigh a knight, and a great favourite of Sir Thomas, Baron Leigh of Stoneleigh. At the beginning of the present century Stoneleigh was in the possession of the Honourable Mrs. (or was it Lady?) Leigh, who died in 1806. The estate passed into the hands of the Rev. Thomas Leigh, of Adlestrop, Gloucestershire. From him the property descended to his nephew, the immediate ancestor of the present noble head of the family, the late Lord Leigh of Lincoln, the now Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire being created a Baron by the Liberal Administration in 1839.

There is a large muster to-day, and sportsmen and sportswomen are assembled in front of the Abbey which has for its present master the Right Honourable Lord Leigh. The Lord is a fine man in the county. It is not without reason that his lordship stands in such esteem with all classes. He is no niggard when the silver voice of charity calls upon him to unclose his purse-strings; there is no county movement with which you will not find his name honourably and intimately connected; whilst as for *his sport*, was there ever a more genuine lover of it than Lord Leigh? His lordship's name will always live in the hearts of the Warwickshire people as their best friend. I shall not tire you with an account of the run on this first hunting day; that I will leave to the sporting reporters who grow popular in their narrative of how a fox was chopped in this spinney or that gorse, how "the varmint" (they invariably give that bad name to Reynard) was got for such a covert or had to be dug out, how he "got for the first time lost," or how he was "chopped in Hurdle-coope," and "after a splendid burst of twenty-eight minutes, seven seconds and a quarter (there is nothing like precision in these weighty matters) he killed the open country." I am sure that you will see no difference in them, except that there is an occasional change of names, rarely of phraseology; but then, as I said, I don't ride to hounds now. Perhaps, when that ship arrives in moonlight, I shall, instead of jogging to Potty Sessions on my modest cob, commission my friend Mount-spanker to buy me three of the best horses in the county, and to take me to the North Warwickshire Hunt, and settle down for a good glass of port, and a determination to "put down" those dangerous medical quacks, who are grumbling about the "dew" and the preservation of that noble animal the Fox!

THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

Often, for the next day or two, shall we be reminded by caroller and preacher of the mysterious star which hung over Bethlehem some eighteen and three quarter centuries ago—not to be too precise on account of possible errors in the reckonings of chronologists. And when allusion is made to that prominent feature in the word-picture of the Nativity, we shall be led, if we give the matter the thought which it deserves, to wonder what the nature of the guiding light could have been. We may wish that a learned Sidrophel were standing at our elbow, to enlighten us from the depths of his astronomical lore. Failing such an instructor, we may appeal to the biblical student—say to our own venerable vicar, or to his gracious curate; but if these be orthodox men—and as yet, no churchman of much lower dignity than a bishop can afford to be heterodox—we shall not get a very lucid explanation; we may be imposingly told that the star was a remarkable phenomenon into which we have no right to enquire. Then we may turn to the biblical dictionary, and if this happens to have emanated from an orthodox editor, we shall be no wiser from its teachings than from the parson's. The miracle theory will be forced upon us. But miracles belong only to the early age of a faith; before wisdom and reasoning they should fall, for when the time for pondering and enquiring comes, to nations or to individuals, the supernatural need no longer be evoked.

That star that led the magi to the Saviour's birth-place must have been a celestial light, shining in accordance with natural laws; a natural phenomenon in fact. We cannot give credence to the statement in the apocryphal book of Seth, that the bright body took the form of a circle of lights, having a young child in its centre, and spoke to the magi, directing them where to go. Nor will any one, not a credulous spiritualist, believe the old divine, who referred it to an angel clothed in luminous vestments. Still, we need not look to known celestial phenomena, and see if any of these offer a reasonable explanation? The matter is one which has been frequently touched upon by writers in various departments of astronomy, but they have not been able to produce a final verdict for the reason that there is not a sufficiency of evidence. As with other events, mentioned only incidentally in sacred history, and as with many such recorded in numerous history, too, the information afforded is only the title which is sufficient for the writer's subsidiary purposes. Had the narrative been fuller, the explanation of the appearance might have been simple. As it is, three distinct hypotheses have been suggested as probable solutions of the star's nature. One is that it was a meteoric phenomenon—a great fire-ball or bolide, perhaps. This is a theory which was advocated by the Rev. Professor Christmas in his encyclopaedia article. But stronger arguments against it are, the short duration of these bodies, and the rapidity with which they travel through the sky. The magi must have had the star in sight for many days, perhaps for some months; and never has meteor been known to remain visible for such a period; the slowest of them course the sky at a speed which is to be reckoned in seconds. If the star was a guide through several long journeys of travel, it could not have been such a flashing object as a fire-ball.

Was it, then, a comet? This is more probable; and compilers of cometary catalogues have so far given their adhesion to the idea, that they have set down the *anime danielis* as a probable date at which a conspicuous comet appeared. We have some actual records of celestial phenomena as far back as this; they occur in Chinese history; and the Chinese have been comparatively accurate observers, that any great comet visited the skies of that empire during the first year of the Christian era. A new catalogue of comets seen in China, given at issue was that the star's apparition was the effect of a conjunction of the bright planets Jupiter and Saturn. Since these luminaries revolve around different orbits in different times, there are occasions when they happen to fall upon the same line of sight from the earth. Then each augments the other's light, and the two together form what might be taken for a single star of great brilliancy. Now these conjunctions are not infrequently accompanied by a conjunction seemed to show that one did occur at about the time of the nativity; so for a time and by some people this theory was believed in; but it can be fall upon the same line of sight from the earth. The required time.

Lastly, it would be conceivable that the magi's star was a small fixed star which blazed forth suddenly at issue was that the star's apparition was the effect of a conjunction of the bright planets Jupiter and Saturn. Since these luminaries revolve around different orbits in different times, there are occasions when they happen to fall upon the same line of sight from the earth. Then each augments the other's light, and the two together form what might be taken for a single star of great brilliancy. Now these conjunctions are not infrequently accompanied by a conjunction seemed to show that one did occur at about the time of the nativity; so for a time and by some people this theory was believed in; but it can be fall upon the same line of sight from the earth. The required time.

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

The season of mirth and pleasure is with us again, and by the time these lines are read relations and friends will have assembled at many a town and country house, the joy-bells will be ringing from thousands of church towers, and the Lord of Mistle will reign paramount. All this is as it should be; but amidst the general chorus of jubilation let us not altogether lose sight of the special nature of the great Festival, nor forget that more than eighteen hundred years have come and gone since the first Christmas Day. We must temper our mirth with a remembrance of the grand event which surrounds the season with a mysterious halo, and calls upon us to regard the festival with fitting solemnity—not the solemnity that marked the era of the Puritans, but a better, more just, and more generous sentiment; then, as we call to mind that on this day of days throughout all Christendom there was born in a manger at Bethlehem "a Saviour who is Christ the Lord," we shall be able to look back upon the season confident that, whilst we have done our duty to man, we have not been unmindful of Him before whom, as the Christ-child, the wondering shepherds knelt in holy awe, and whom the Magi worshipped with the wondering reverence due to His divine character.

Whilst we are eating our Christmas beef and pudding, and enjoying to the full the luxuries common to the season, some few thousands of men, women, and children are neither partaking of bit nor sup, but are concentrating their energies upon what we shall all look out for next Monday. That is Boxing Day, and on that evening the Spirit of Pantomime is abroad. So, young ladies and gentlemen, when on Monday evening next you find yourselves in a comfortable box, units of humanity amongst thousands in some great Theatre, remember, if you please, how hard the actors and actresses must have worked before the Pantomime could be produced; and when the Clown makes a mistake, and doesn't jump through the window quite as neatly as you have seen him do before, and when there is a hitch in the performance—as is unavoidable even in the best-regulated theatres—be tolerant, and, instead of grumbling, just see what effect a good hearty round of applause will have upon your friend in motley. Take our word for it, he will thank you in his heart for your cheers, and exert himself as he has never hitherto done. There will be Pantomimes at Nottingham, Leicester, and other Midland towns, and at Birmingham the respective and respected managers of both Royal and Prince of Wales's have been making tremendous exertions, and intend their Christmas pieces to exceed everything of the kind ever produced in the Midland capital.

Who cares about reading the journals—the papers, of course, that have no pictures in them—at Christmas-tide? Who wants to read about Overend and Gurney, the Derry riots, the cruel report that Signor Mario had committed suicide, or the Eccumenical Council? It is quite beside the mark to be told that there are now sixteen cardinals' hats vacant by the death of Cardinal Centini, that telegraphic communication between Fao and Bagdad has been restored, that the subscription to the new loan closed at Constantinople on Friday night, and that "last night's quotation was 306," that rumours of a Ministerial crisis are current at Lisbon but are not generally credited, or that the Bourne opened flat, but closed firmer. Leading Articles, Special Correspondence, Paragraphs, Law and Police Reports, Reviews of New Works, and the Money Market—who will have the patience to read these now that Christmas, which only comes once a year, as none of us are tired of repeating, is with us again? Some there may be, inveterate readers, who would not sleep comfortably if they did not get their usual newspaper, and know all about Reuters, and Stocks, and Funds, and Rates of Exchange, and the rest of it; but, for ourselves, we intend to read nothing for the next two days; we may perhaps glance at a Christmas picture or two, or take the opportunity of peeping into the Laureate's new volume, and lose ourselves in the mystery of the Holy Grail; but nothing else that is printed shall put before us. Christmas is a universal holiday, and we cling to traditional festivals as persistently as the most ardent Conservative. So, worthy masters and mistresses, we will conclude this column even as we began it; for already the melody of the bells is borne towards us from north and south and east and west—alike from the pastoral districts and from the Black Country churches yonder, where you may see the glare of the furnaces for ever reddening the sky; already we hear the grand, always-new message: "Peace on earth! goodwill towards men!" sung by the country choir from amongst a very grove of decorations; and already we grasp in anticipation the hand of every one of our readers, and wish them heartily and sincerely the compliments of the season!

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

We ought to hear of plenty of comets during the next few years. Kepler used to say that there were as many of these bodies in the sky as there are fishes in the sea. If, then, we only find an occasional one being caught, it must be the fisherman's fault. No doubt the old astronomical law maker exaggerated a little; and still there is reason to suppose that many more comets would be found if they were searched for—telescopic ones, of course. In some former years as many as six or eight have been picked up; during the last two or three years we have had but one or two. Now it has struck the Vienna Academy of Science that, in view of the recently-discovered relations between comets and meteors, it is important to stimulate the now dispirited search for the former bodies, so the Academy has decided to award as prizes eight gold medals each year till 1872, one to each discoverer of the first eight comets found in the year. The medals are each to be of the value of twenty Austrian ducats; or, if the recipients prefer it, they may receive the value in money. There are certain conditions attached to the premium, which refer to matters strictly technical. One stipulates that the comets be detected by the telescope, which means that they are to be searched for telescopically. The first claims may be made for discoveries during the twelve months ending 1870. This ought to be pleasant news for amateur astronomers, who are often asking their professional friends who they can best employ their telescopes.

If, as the adage has it, "a thing well talked of is half done," we ought to have a good part of the English Channel traversed by a tunnel or a bridge; for truly our engineers, not having too much to do and talk about, are discussing this subject almost ad nauseam. It would occupy a large space to review the various schemes that have been proposed to facilitate Anglo-French communication, and the arguments for and against each. But one can put the present position of the case in a nutshell. Four distinctive plans are before the public: first, to build a second, to tunnel; third, to build great ferry barges capable of taking a train, engine, luggage vans and all, on board at Dover or Calais, and, carrying it across to Calais or Dover, there to resume its journey to Paris or London; as the case may be, without the passengers once alighting; fourth, to improve the existing system of steamboat passages by building larger and faster vessels. The former two schemes find favour with the great thinkers, who scorn funds and profits; the latter two with the shrewder men, who look closely at outlay and returns. These last cannot see the scope for that vast increase of traffic which would be needed to pay for a tunnel or a bridge. They reasonably point to geographical conditions. If two great continents were to be joined, a tunnel might be paid for; but the case is different with a little island, which is only a great sea beyond. About 250,000 people now cross the Channel in a year; how many more would make the journey if the evils of the sea were virtually done away with? In other words, how many are deterred by present inconvenience to talk about increased facilities increasing the number of travellers; our insular position is a bar to such multiplication. All present demands, and all that are likely to arrive for many years to come, would be met by scheme the third; and this plan appears to gain the adhesion of the most practical engineers. Indeed, we believe that some of them are looking very closely into working details, and even preparing plans and drawings of the steam ferries, so as to be ready for close competition and prompt action as soon as the matter takes a commercial turn.

A French chemical journal tells us the quantities in weight of certain flowers required to be distilled in order to yield a given quantity of essential oil for perfumery. To gain one pound of attar of roses, 30,000 pounds of rose petals are required; of attar of Nerioli, 100 pounds of orange flowers; and for one of oil of lavender, 250 of the blossom. The geranium must be sacrificed at the rate of 2,000 pounds of leaves for one pound of essent. To give an idea of the extent of trade in some of these raw materials it is stated that the neighbourhood of Nice alone produces a value of £8,000 of one kind of flower—the sweet smelling Nizza violet. Orange blossoms are valued at 20 francs the 100 kilograms.

When steam boilers blow up there are often doubts and disputes as to the real cause of the explosion. A German analyst thinks that sometimes light may be thrown upon the matter by examination of the impurities of the crystals and boiler. At all events it could be ascertained whether the water had been allowed to run so low that the plates had become red-hot; for the increased matter always contains some water in solution, so long as the boiler is closed; but if it be intensely heated when the boiler is empty this contained water is driven entirely away and chemical analysis yields no trace of it. No doubt the useful body the Midland Police Company will take cognizance of this suggestion.

Between the time of writing and printing this column, Dr. Monckhoven, a famous scientific photographer, will deliver a lecture to the light-artists of London upon his new source of artificial illumination for photographic purposes. We have had plenty of imitation sunlights invented to render portraitists independent of the god of day; but they have not answered well; they have been too contrived, and consequently have given glaring lights and sharp black shadows. Whether this of Monckhoven's will admit of the requisite diffusion for artistic use remains to be proved; it is obtained by burning chloride of titanium in an oxy-hydrogen flame.

[Two printers' errors that are worth correcting crept into last week's column. In the second paragraph, sixth line, "earth's surface" should be "planet's surface;" and in the last paragraph, "galvanic battery" should be "galvanic current."]

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The open weather must rejoice the hearts of coursers, as meeting after meeting is brought off without any interruption from frost. Bab at the Bowster's defeat in the first round of the Elsham Cup, which she divided last year with Sporting Eagle, was the sensation of the Brigg (Lincolnshire) Meeting. She appears to have had an unlucky trial, and it was said the ground did not suit her. We are always very shy of accepting excuses, and this overthrow, coupled with her recent defeat in Ireland, makes us fear that "Bab" will never be herself again. Sporting Eagle was also put out in the first round, and Malt Liqueur also went down before White Lily. Fire Brigade was beaten in the second round, and eventually S. S., who ran through the Cup with all her usual brilliancy and cleverness, took the prize to Ireland. In the final course of the Brigg Cup, for dog puppies, Patentee, by Breadalban—Yordas, beat Happy Jack, by British Lion—Snow, and the corresponding stake for bitch puppies fell to Musical, by Banjo—Braxey, with Pensive, another of the famous Tornado—Bertha family, as runner-up. In the Brigg Cup run for by the winners of the two puppy stakes, the "lady" proved victorious. The Corrie (Lockerbie) Meeting was a decided success, though hares were hardly as plentiful as they might have been. Wave, by Cauld Kail—Wanton Lass, won the Corrie Cup, and the Castlemilk stakes for puppies was divided between George Heriot, by Portland—Conestration, and Avonside by Master David—Woe Avon. In spite of her two defeats, Bab at the Bowster is still greatly fancied for the Waterloo Cup; we cannot, however, incline to her chance, and, in selecting Master McGrath and S. S. among the old ones, and Pauline and Bed of Stone from the puppies, we fancy we have named the winner.

Dr. Watts' immortal verse, "Let dogs delight," &c., is known to all. The worthy old gentleman might have added that the afrosed dogs, when in a show, manage to impart a large portion of their unpleasant "nature" to their masters. This really seems the only way to account for the fact that though men will exhibit horses, bulls and heifers, and various other animals, and accept defeat with the greatest good humour; yet the very same men, if their dogs fail to win first prizes, wrangle and fight for weeks afterwards. This trait is common to all classes. An attempt has been made on several occasions to remedy this, by laying down a fixed scale of points, which it was thought must satisfy everyone, and the subject was revived at the late Birmingham Show. This plan is carried out in Jersey with the cows and bulls, in order that the breed may be kept pure; but it has been tried and failed in judging shorthorns, and we feel sure that it would not answer with dogs. A dog might have every requisite point, and yet sadly lack quality, and be badly shaped. There should be—and probably are—certain canons of taste, to which results should conform in the main, and which should not be violated; but, in a show, so much must depend on style, quality, and general outline, that it is almost impossible to bind the judges rigidly down to a scale of points. As, then, no three men always agree about every dog in a large class, and even the most experienced huntsmen will often differ in their opinion of a foxhound, we fear it will be a case of "win, tie, or wrangle" to the end of the chapter.

EDGBASTON IN DECEMBER, 1869.

BY EDWARD CAPERN.

There's a surring in the branches, and a sweetness in the time,
And brightness in the zephyr like the freshness of the prime,
And a glimmer in the sunlight, and a shimmer on the mere,
And a sparkle on the landscape of a newly budded year.
Still no flower dots the meadow, and no throstle cares to sing,
'Tis a semblance of the portraiture without the life of Spring;
For I see the ancient chestnut deeply wrinkled like old care,
With no promise of rich fruitage on its pendents brown and bare.
The red-hill seems deserted, standing mute upon the hill,
For the singing-birds are silent, and the rookery is still;
And I halt to list the woodman's lusty stroke fall on my ear,
And the chirp of happy children in the laurel-bushes near.
Now I hear the blackbird's chuckle to his brother in the thorn,
And the winding of an echo from a distant bugle horn;
And I see fair fingers busy, in the cottage, church, and hall,
Where the ivy, and the holy, smile a welcome from each wall.
It is Christmas in Old England, the crown of festal joys;
Romp, riot, Yule and wassail, and carnival of boys.
It is Christmas in the Midlands, with a soft and vernal glow,
So, burrah! my merry hunters, for the meet upon the Green!

THE GOSSIP.

There is yet another new reader—Dr. Leo Ross. An edition of "Robinson Crusoe," a transcript of the first, illustrated by Ernest Griset, is published. Mrs. Stowe's Byron-book will be shortly published. She is said to have a strong case. Several English authors are contributing to the American periodicals. Dr. Mackay is editing "Medora Leigh, by a New Witness"—an elucidation of the Byron mystery. The text of President Grant's message fills about four-and-a-half columns of the *New York Times*. Mr. H. J. Montague is to be the manager of the new theatre being erected in the Strand. A Bombay Theatre Company, with a capital of £20,000, has been started. Mr. Peabody is said to have bequeathed £10,000 to the managers of a London theatre. Mr. Froude's "History of England" sells in America at a dollar and a half each volume. With the new year the *Athenaeum* will appear in larger type, and on a larger sheet. The one hundredth thousand copy of "Verdant Green" has recently been issued. Mr. Sant has been elected by the members of the Royal Academy to the dignity of R.A. Mr. J. Swinton, "editorial writer" of the *New York Times*, announces a history of "Ten Years of American Journalism."

A new Architectural Association has been started at Gateshead—the Northern Architectural Students' Society. The late Madame Grisi sang in London 27 seasons—925 nights. She appeared in the *Puritani* 92 and in *Lucresia Borgia* 100 times. The title of the much-talked-of new Boston magazine, of which Edward Everett Hale is to be the editor, is *Old and New*. Mr. J. P. Crocker, one of the joint proprietors of the *Christy Minstrel*, died on Friday. He had suffered from consumption for two years. The report that Signor Mario had committed suicide in St. Petersburg is untrue. He is fulfilling his engagement at the Italian Opera there. On the Sunday evenings in Advent the Bishop of Peterborough has preached to crowded congregations in the nave of his cathedral. The "Triunnumus" of Plantus was the play selected for representation at Westminster School this year. All the parts were well sustained. The Rev. Canon Kingsley is gone to the West Indies, and on his return will contribute to *Good Words* the result of his experience in the Tropics. Ink stains on marble may be removed, says a Paris chemist, by first washing the marble or stone with potash water, and then with a fine modillion inlaid with rubies and diamonds.—*Journal Standard*.

Madame Sars, who has been singing with great *clat* at Pergola, has received from the King of Italy a superb diamond bracelet, valued at 7,000 francs; and one of the longest sent her was a fine modillion inlaid with rubies and diamonds.—*Journal Standard*. Early in 1870, a work of great interest will, we hear, be published—"London, by Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold." It is to appear in parts, and shall look forward for the first number with pleasant anticipation. At the recent distribution of prizes to Royal Academy students, Mr. T. Brock, a native of Worcester, was awarded for the best historical group in sculpture the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of £25. He also received the silver medal for the best model from the life. A new work by Mr. Martin will be put in rehearsal by the National Church Society immediately. It is a history of Longford, written by the Monastic Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner, and is composed for ladies only—a soprano solo, accompanied by a chorus of sopranos and two contraltos. The Rev. J. C. M'Auland, Rector of Cromer, near Dring, who received from the executor of Mr. Peabody intimation of his having bequeathed him a sum of £2,000 (less legacy duty and law expenses), in consideration of his "eloquence" with which he had perused a treatise of his on the Jewish subject, entitled "The Hope of Israel."

The *Athenaeum* notices what it calls the "awkward demonstration" of Mlle. de Zerkas in such a character as *Lady Henrietta* in "Martha." "The superb voice of Signor Mongini" brought down the house" in several passages usually unnoticed. Nevertheless, we are bound to add, in opposition to the *vox populi*, that we have never heard him sing worse." Mr. George P. Putnam, whom bookseller in London, now the publisher of a magazine in New York, is printing a series of *private letters* from noted authors and artists, which have been written to him in the way of business. In the last lot are notes from C. A. Murray, W. M. Thackeray, S. C. Hall, Bernard Barton, and Miss Bremer.—*Echo*. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, after spending some months at their newly-built house near Haslemere, have returned to Farnborough, near Freshwater, where they have been residing since their marriage. Their Christmas holidays at their old home in the Isle of Wight, "close to the sea and the old mill," as the Laureate himself describes it in his *invidious* verses to the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

The second of the Penny Readings for the present season, at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, was held on December 17th, when, in addition to the declamatory, vocal, and instrumental efforts of some of the officers and their wives, readings were given by Mr. Horatio Tennyson, brother to the Poet Laureate. Miss Garrett, F.S.A., has just passed the third examination for the M.D. of Paris. The subjects of the examination were chemistry, zoology, natural philosophy, and botany. The examiners were MM. Wurtz, Baillon, and Lalle. Miss Garrett's notes on "Botany," the highest, it is stated, that has been gained for these subjects since the commencement of the session.

Noticing Mr. Byron's new play, "Uncle Dick's Daunting," at the Gaiety Theatre, the *Athenaeum* says the representation was creditable. Mr. Toole displays a growing fondness for parts which, like *Dick Dooland*, belong to the class in which the reputation of the late Mr. Holson was obtained. He has considerable power of heightening pathos by contrast or admixture with humour, and his representation of *Dooland* was good, but wanting in sturdiness. When *Dooland* stood face to face with the would-be seducer of his daughter, and forgot, in his desire to shield her, all disparity of rank, it was a time for tears. Not even recollections of *Mary's* infancy, tenderly and judiciously sent her, were a white or a tearful sound into the voice. The entire representation was a shade too lachrymose. 'Tis not very clever and effective. Never was there equally good as the school-girl, the wife, and the outcast.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

CHRISTMAS CHARACTERS.



The six illustrations on this page are typical of Christmas characters. You all know the gentleman in the smock frock and billycock hat, who, half-concealed by the greenery which he carries, makes his cheerful cry of "Holly! holly!" heard wherever he goes. There is no escaping him. He has been into coppice and forest for his pleasant-looking wares, and he is resolved to sell them to you. Knowing what comforts the expenditure of sixpence will procure for the holly-seller's wife and the little ones at home, who can refrain from purchasing a bunch of holly and a spray of mistletoe of him? We should like to see the man who refused to take home the berries. We would put his likeness in the "Illustrated," and you should all comfortably scandalise him as you sat round the blazing hearth drinking mulled wine and telling ghost-stories!



There is a fascinating manner about all tradesmen, but especially about poultrymen, at this time of year. However glum and misanthropic they may look at other and less festive periods, no sooner does Christmas, with his white wand, snowy locks, and ruddy, good-humoured face make his arrival expected (which he does in various ways, you know), than Mr. Merrythought shows himself in his true colours, and, with a lively chuckle, offers to sell you the best bird in the shop at the lowest price you ever heard quoted. Look at that splendid goose, which the gallant Merrythought is showing to the benevolent-looking lady in spectacles, and her daughter with the little hat trimmed, we are sure, with black velvet. Can't you hear what he is saying? We can. "No, ma'am, there's not a finer bird in all Brummagan than this here one. What's his weight? Here, Sam, put this 'un in the scales. Eleven pound and a hounce, 'n, at 10d., that'll be, let me see—oh! well, we'll say nine shillings, ma'am. Yes, miss, just lay your hands on him. Never see a plumper one! No, I should think not. Thank you, 'm; here, Sam, put this 'ere goose up, and send it to Mulberry Villa, Edgbaston." What a clapping of hands and huzzinga there will be amongst the youngsters when the poulterer's boy, who has been whistling a merry tune all through the streets, knocks at the door of Mulberry Villa! How they will crowd round the servant as she dangles the trophy in her hand—"hefting" it, she calls it—to guess its weight! And when, on Christmas Day, that noble bird, well-roasted, stuffed with sage and onions galore, its broad back basted until it shines again, is placed on the round dining-table, we venture to say there will not be a merrier party assembled in all the Midlands than that at Mulberry Villa, Edgbaston.

Here is another well-known character—the cook. It is difficult to get her permission to remain in the kitchen more than half a minute at any time; but he would be a bold man, and deserving of reward, who should venture into the cook's charmed domain at Christmas. She is naturally the best-natured, best-tempered woman in the world; but, she says, she "do not like master or missus a-fidgetting and a-worritting about her kitchen when she's cooking. Not Job himself couldn't have stood it!" We believe her; and when we have had a look at the pudding which Cook is justly proud of, and which she holds up for our gratification as though it were nothing less than another Koh-i-noor, we will peep into the Church and the Hall, whichever



happens to be undergoing transformation, and see the young ladies garnishing. Miss Carrie stands on the ladder as naturally as if she was accustomed to regard mankind from that elevation every day; and May, whose face we should like to have seen, for it must be a pretty one, has her arms full of holly and other greenery which

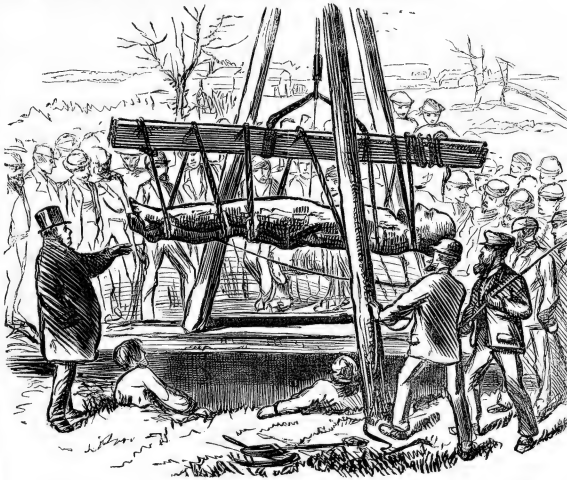
her sister is engaged in twining round the pillars with her usual taste. Good work, young ladies, and you do it excellent well, I faith. May your slim shadows never grow less! You can imagine for yourselves how the decorations run up if it is a church you are ornamenting; but here is a "wrinkle" for you concerning wall-decoration. Place bunches of ivy berries in a hot solution of starch, which you can get at the chemist's. You will get orange and red colours from red lead, vermilion, and imitations of that pigment, and shades of yellow and white from powdered chromes and zinc white. All you have to do, then, to produce a very pretty and



brilliant effect, is to brush the sprays with the starch or weak gum-water, and dust them lightly with dry powdered starch, mixed with glass frosts. You can improve the appearance of your Christmas tree by sprinkling the foliage with gum-water and common salt; the tree will look as though frost were on it.

DISCOVERY OF A GIANT AT ONONDAGA, NEW YORK.

A marvellous discovery was lately made on a farm occupied by a Mr. Nowell, in Onondaga County, New York. This was what at first everybody believed to be a petrified human form—a relic of the days when there were giants in the land. The fossil was found about three feet below the surface while some persons were digging for a well. The soil was a sort of bluish clay mixed with quicksand and black loam, and organic remains were found about the body. The figure, when first discovered, lay in a very easy and natural position, horizontal, partly on the right side. Its dimensions were as follow:—From crown of head to hollow of foot, 10 feet 2½ inches; crown of head to tip of chin, 1 foot 9 inches; length of nose, 6 inches; width of nostrils, 3½ inches; width of mouth, 4 inches; point to point of shoulder, 3 feet; point of hip to knee-joint, 3 feet; diameter of thigh, 1 foot; length of foot, 1 foot 7½ inches; width of palm, 7 inches; diameter of wrist, 6 inches. The veins, eyeballs, muscles, tendons of the heel, and cords of the neck were all fully disclosed. The features were finely cut, and the proportions symmetrical. After careful examination a savant pronounced it to be a statue of a Caucasian. Dr. Boynton at first supposed that this statue was carved by the Jesuits who dwelt in this valley between 1520 and 1760. After a more thorough examination he declared it to be of gypsum, and of recent origin. He says, in a recent letter to Professor Spencer, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington: "I have stated that I thought his 'origin would not carry us back over three hundred years;' but I am not certain that the known principles of chemistry will justify me in asserting that the period between his burial and resurrection was over three years. Its antiquated appearance has been produced not by abrasion, as many have said, but by the dissolving action of water, which, I think, could have been accomplished in a few months. A more careful and accurate calculation, admitting the possible chance of some undiscovered error creeping into the calculation, may show the burial to have taken place about 370 or 371 days ago—as it may have happened between two days." Mr. Nowell, upon whose grounds the statue was found, is said to have disposed of it for 40,000 dollars. The figure has been carried to Syracuse. Its weight is 2,990 pounds. If it were solid stone it would weigh so much by 500 pounds. A recent theory has been started, that it is a cast-iron figure covered with a coating of cement. The head, it is said, gives a ringing sound when struck, like that of a hollow, metallic body. But a local sculptor states that there are marks of a sculptor's tools.



RAISING THE GIANT.

Come, come, Mr. Eliza, this is too bad, you know! You have drawn two very nice girls, but, by Venus! you ought to have made one of them kissing a gentleman—we mean, you should have



etched a young gentleman kissing a young lady! Competent authorities inform us that feminine kissing is the essence of insipidity. We quite believe it. If we had been near that mistletoe-bough such a proceeding should not have taken place. We condemn you, sir, to be held under a bough of the sacred plant, and be kissed by every young lady in the room—a penalty which you ought not to find fault with. But mankind was ever perverse!

This is our last picture—distributing the Christmas dolo. These must be the daughters of some good country clergyman who keep up the excellent custom of giving of their substance to the poor. There are, we fear, Scrooges yet in the world; but these young ladies do not belong to that family. You can see that they take as



much delight in giving as their poor neighbours do in receiving. Do you know what a long way a very little goes with the indigent? You would be surprised, if you have not tried it, to find what you can buy for a sovereign. If you want to give away something, and don't know exactly what to buy, we should advise you to call in at the rectory directly you have read this, and ask Miss Florence or Miss Mirabel to be your almoner. You will sleep all the sounder for knowing that you have helped somebody to spend Christmas happier than they would otherwise have been enabled to do, and the bells that are ringing in Christmas, and which will soon be tolling-out the old year, will din into your gratified ears a pleasant melody than you ever heard before.

TRADE FAILURES.—Several large failures are announced. Manchester advices mention that Messrs. E. and W. Tinker, cotton manufacturers, of Britannia Mills, Bugsworth, Derbyshire, and Victoria Works, Mottram, have called their creditors together. The liabilities are stated to be about £5,000, and the assets equal to about 4s. in the pound. It has been agreed that the estate should be administered under a deed of assignment. At a meeting of creditors of Messrs. Nicholls and Co., cloth merchants, of Leeds and Morley, the approximate statement showed uncured liabilities for £23,000 and assets for £5,300. The recent failure of Messrs. James Fin and Co., of Dublin, has been followed by further difficulties in the Irish corn trade, and the acceptances of Mr. Hunter, of Belfast, were on Friday returned. The suspension has been announced of Mr. William Wilkison, larding manufacturer, of Hunter, with liabilities between £6,000 and £7,000; and that of Messrs. Hamilton, Graham, and Co., in the stuff trade, at Bradford, with liabilities estimated at about £20,000. A favourable liquidation is said to be expected.

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For Magazine for 1870.

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Cars, Phaetons, &c. [102]

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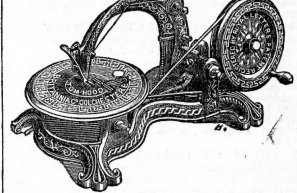
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